TUESDAY EVENING, SEPTEMBER 4.

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Circulation Books Always Open.

A SAMPLE COMPARISON.

Analysis of the Contents of the Penny Evening Papers of Wednesday, Aug. 29—And It Will Held Good Almost Any Day.

	WORLD,		EVENING BUR.		NEWS.	
	Cols.	Items	Cats.	Items	Cole.	Items
Cable news	5.25 12.20 6.20 1.25	8 113 33 11	5.50 13.64 1.03	10 20 55 8	2.46 9.40 2.80 .70	86 96 28
reading matter	23.05	Array Control	21, 14		14.55	-
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de.	Columns.	Bent.	Columns.	Hems.	Columna.	Hems.
Dramatic news Sporting news Labor news Fiction stories	1.00 2.05 .70 1.10	37	1,10		1.10 .55 1.20	21
Letters from the people	1.00	10		3	.86 1.86	1
Answers to corre-	-19	1	.11		:E	1

OUR OPEN LETTERS.

THE EVENING WORLD proposes to vary the monotony that sometimes characterizes even metropolitan journalism by a series of open letters to various distinguished lights in various walks of life.

We start the ball to-day with a paternal enistle to "Lord Chumley." It is to be hoped that our disinterested motives in opening such a correspondence will be duly appreciated by him, as well as by the public, and that he may profit by the valuable suggestions so freely given.

Other gentlemen of the footlights will receive attention in due time. But the open letters will by no means be confined to them We shall endeavor not to discriminate in this unique series against other notable characters who cross the metropolitan horizon.

LABOR'S GREAT SUCCESS.

The absence of flags from the City Hall yesterday was an insult to the workingmen of the city It is probable that Mayor HEWITT will seek to evade the responsibility by pretending that the Aldermen have interfered with his authority over the building in relation to the raising of flags, and that they ought to have attended to the matter. But the plain fact is President's message as was possible. that it was the business of the Mayor to give the order for the decoration of the City Hall in honor of Labor Day, and no one will doubt that his unfrieudliness to labor organizations, aggravated by the rebuke recently administered to him by the Central Labor Union in reference to the money offered to the women who testified before the Congressional Committee, was the cause of the omis-

The procession, however, was a grand suc cess, despite Mr. HEWITT's petty insult, and was a credit to the workingmen of the city. Indeed, the day was a grand one for Labor recommended by Gov. Hill, has now become one of the marked anniversaries of the

Not the least creditable and pleasing incident of the day is the fact that at Cleveland, where an organized association of Anarchists joined the procession, the workingmen tore down the red flag and drove the Anarchists from the ground.

There can be no sympathy between honest labor and the enemies of law and order, which are the bulwarks of the workingmen's rights and liberty.

ANXIOUS ABOUT CANADA.

President CLEVELAND's message has made things as lively in England and Canada as in the United States. Despite the silly bluster the London administration organ. which is probably indulged in for political effect, a special cable to THE Worden brings the intelligence that the British Government is anxious over the situation, and has forwarded special despatches to Sir John A. MacDonald, enjoining him to use the utmost caution, and requesting information as to the exact situation

The plain fact is that the matter is wholly under the control of Canada. This Government is not making any raid against Canadian rights. It is the Canadian Government that is acting on the offensive and assailing our rights If England will make her Canadian child behave himself we shall treat him as indulgently and kindly as ever. But if he misbehaves himself he will get spanked. That is the case in a nutshell.

DEALING WITH TRUSTS.

It is very awkward for Ms. SLAINE that Congress is in session at this time. The greatest living statesman is making speeches to prove that Trusts are private affairs with which the people have no right to interfere. and in which Congress has no concern, and that the protection of high taxation does not encourage Trusts or facilitate them in any manner. And now one bill is introduced in Congress to punish all persons who enter into combinations to restrict trade, limit production, control prices, or prevent competition in merchandise or commodities; and another bill follows exempting from duty all cotton bagging and other manufactures suitable to the uses to which cotton bagging are applied,

in order to kill the Cotton Bagging Trust. There can be no question of the authority

of Congress to pass laws called for by public policy to protect trade and to prevent conspiracies and combinations to restrict production, kill competition and regulate prices. The new doctrine of "States rights," advanced by Mr. BLAINE, that Congress cannot legislate on Trusts because they are chartered by the States would be absurd, even if it were true that Trusts are formed under State charters, which they are not The laws of States must conform to the laws of Congress, although Mr. BLAINE out-Calhouns Calhoun himself in contending that Congress must be controlled by the laws of States.

The plain fact is that a Trust is the most nonstrous kind of monopoly, the worst enemy of the people, and those who defend and champion Trusts must expect public condemnation.

A COURT SENSATION.

The HILL-SHARON drams, which has long been before the public and presented many exciting scenes, reached a sensational climax yesterday in the United States Circuit Court in San Francisco. It must have been a novel sight to see a venerable and dignified Judge of the United States Supreme Court, while delivering an opinion from the bench, interrupted by the caths and ravings of a virago. openly accused of being bought with "Old SHARON's money," and asked to state at what price he had sold himself.

The woman who claims to have been Mrs. SHARON is now the wife of Judge TERRY. who became notorious by killing DAVID C. BRODERICK in a duel in California twentynine years ago. TERRY backed up his wife in court yesterday in her coarse attack on Judge Figin, and being still a man of enormous strength it was some time before he could be overcome. He was armed with a bowie-knife, with which he sought to kill an officer of the Court. The result was the committal of Terry to prison for six months and of the fair but foul-mouthed SARAH ALTHEA for thirtydays. As many years in both cases would not have been more than the worthy couple deserved.

A Mayor in Cuba has been seized by brigands and carried off. A ransom of \$20,-000 is offered for his restoration to the now headless city of Matanzas. If brigands were to kidnap Mayor HEWITT, the firms that supply the City Hall with stationery would contribute that amount to get him back

One of the pleasant features of Labor Day was the picnic of the Old Volunteer Firemen's Association which took place at BROMMER'S Union Park. The old volunteer firemen were heroes in their day, and the people of New York will always take interest in their proceedings.

The Retaliation bill recommended by President CLEVELAND is to be put through the House to-day. The Democratic branch of Congress ought to have rushed the bill through as soon after the reading of the

HORACE WHITE tells his friends that he is very doubtful about CLEVELAND being WHITE's paper helping him to success in the

It is said at Republican headquarters that BLAINE may answer THURMAN in this city. Oh, no! Mr. BLAINE may speak after THUR-MAN, but he will not answer him.

GOOD THINGS IN MARKET.

Progs' legs, 40 cents. Egg plant, 5 to 12 cents. Butter, 25 cents a pound, Cheese, 12 cents a pound Prars, \$1 to \$2 per banket. Cauliflower, 10 to 20 cents Bluefish, 12 cents a pound. Flounders, 8 cents a pound. Soft-shell grats, \$1 per dozen. Oranges, 80 to 60 cents a dozen. Radishes, S bunches for 5 cents. Green peppers, 15 cents a dozen. Time beans, 95 cents a half neck. Lemons, twenty-five for 25 cents. Peaches, 75 cents to \$1.25 a basket. Grapes, 10 to 25 cents a pound; 85 cents a to

SEEN AT LABORS' PICNIC. Ed Baist and his pretty wife, who led the march

at the Labor pionic, yesterday.

Jim Shea, who gave an elegant slik American

fing, costing \$100, to the Oystermen's Union. Lewis Cash, of the U. O. A. C., who fell from his horse last year and was laid up for six months, was on hand, happy and gay. Anthony Sheridan, of Horseshoers' Union No.

who won the first prize in the five mile walk. anthony is a working horseshoer. George Warner wao, it was said, rode a Government mule in the parade, explaining that

the mule was a \$2,500 trotter. A. D. Agnew, with his No. 11 shoes.

Bob" Davis, who carried off Ed Finklestone's prize for the handsomest mustache, stroking the

Secretary Randolph Walker, of the Barbers Union, the Assistant Floor Manager, danging Dan O'Dair piloting a bevy of pretty girls, while

his handsome face beamed.

Floor Manager William Shakespeare, a descendant of the bard, leading the grand march. Pail Kelly and his wife and daughter looking on. Ed Conklin, dancing about and seeing to it that

ll enjoyed themselves. Grand Marshal Sullivan the centre of a group of pretty girls. Assistant Matt Barr discussing the situation of

things in general, Ed Finklestone condemning Mayor Hewitt for not hoisting the flags on the City Hall. James P. Archivald, fat and jolly, enjoying him-

elf. Ludwig Jabliwrosky looking for the Reception Committee's room, Gregory Weinstein discussing sprinters in gen-

eral and surrounded by a bevy of fair maids. Telegraphers in Drama and Dance. The annual dramatic performance and reception of the New York Telegraph Operators will take

piace on monus, ... street, 66 and 68 East Fourth street, "Kataleen," will be pro-66 and 68 East Fourth street.

The romanti drama, "Kainleen," will be produced with the following cast:

Terence O'Moore, with somes, Tom O'Reilly;
David O'Connor, Eugene Adamson; Bill Buttoncap, Tom Ballantine; Bernard Kavanaugh, W. J.
Barnun; Faiher O'Cassiday, J. C. Vanoura; Black
Rody, Wu. Eling; Capt. Clearfield, Jos. Gross;
Darby Dayle, A. Cutalar; Red Barney, C. Hennessey; McCubban, J. F. Doyle; Dennia, T. Kinsells; Dorotny, Miss Margaret Carroll; Kitty, Miss
Mamie Flynn; Kathleen, Miss Lens Knodell,
Miss Anette Adair will sing some choice selections and a reception will follow.

AN OPEN LETTER TO SOTHERN

LORD CHUMLEY" GIVEN A LITTLE FREE ADVICE.

First of a Merics of Very Interesting Epistics -Alan Dale Dispenses Some Confidential Advice-A Frank Talk About Stage Success-The Present and Puture of a Son

The following open letter is addressed to Mr. E. H. Sothern, now acting as Lord Chumley :

My Dear Boy You must excuse the as parent familiarity of this mode of address and set it down to the babbling good nature with which I always effervence when I sp roach a person or a subject of public interest, and find that I can talk for a few minutes with no possibility of interruption. There is great conso-lation in a pen. You may be burningly anxious to have your little say long before I have finished. But you are powerless to stay me, dear boy. Tennyson's brook is a foot to me when I ge

When you first came to this country, dear boy ay the bye, would you object if I called you Ed?), you were the son of your father, and rejoiced in that fact with a feeling that perhaps was hardly as plial as it might have been, but which, under the circumstances, all; will magnatimiously pardon.

I notice with a little surprise that your parentage interests you far less at the present than it did in the days of your early appearance here. That little ladder which you used to so effectively start up the golden ascent to success you now teel inclined to kick down. E. H. Sothern thinks he can stand alone. In the true American spirit he is beginning to fret at tradition. A few ill-advised people have probably buoyed him up with the idea that he can afford to do so. It is so easy to believe that which we desire—isn't it, Ed ? (Don't mind this famil-Of course it sounds rather brazen at first.) Now, look here, old one-the expression is that

of Lord Chumley-every one who has seen your good work must prophesy success for you in the future. You have heard this so often that it has turned your head, and, though I have slang I must use it, swelled it until its volumnious proportions have really hampered your work most seriously. You cannot readily understand that the interest feit in you is rather that of the future than of the present. I want to appeal to your intelligence. Only your enemies will recommend you to stay contentedly in the position you have now reached, which, though pleasant, should not be all-aufficient

Your self-satisfaction is most appoying. It is more than apparent in Lord Chumley, whose most striging characteristic should be consummate dimdence. The moment you appeared in that doorleading to the stage your self-satisfaction could be seen. Manager Frohman caused a bright lime light to fall upon your features and there you stood, as complete a personification of the poseur as any one could wish not to see.

Your managers have striven to make you believe that you are strikingly handsome. They have compared your personal charms to those of the portly Kelcey, whose be outy is his stock in trade. They have diligently fanned your vanity. They have been cruel. A beautiful actor is rarely a dramatic suc cess, and we all know how true this is of the other sex. The man or woman does not exist whose physical charms have won for them dramatic rec

Old man, at this period of your career you have got to don your thinking-cap and make a most important choice. There is a tide in the affairs of man-no, I haven't time to be " chestnutty." These are the questions that confront you: Shall

I rely upon the sexual effect of my personality. thich my manager tells me will always appeal to a certain class, for success, and diligently show myself in the most effective poses and the most picturesque situations, or shall I trust to my dramatic ability, which I know exists, and work my way legitimately into the esteem and platonic admira-

If you choose the former alternative, dear boy. able to carry New York." Is Horacz you need work no more. You will never grow more handsome, and I am not one of those who regard you as an Adonts. You can just remain where you are, and-as the ladies say-look pretty. Ask Mr. Frohman to always supply you with a play where you can stand in a doorway and pose beneath the beautifying rays of a lime light, as you do in " Lord Chumley." See that your photographs are judiciously circulated through the bighways and byways of the city, and if you can succeed in cajoling a hatter to advertise a Sothern hat, or a tailor a Sothern waistcoat, why, as the Frenchman says with

But, Ed, old fellow, if you select the latter alernstive, and you will do it if you be the man I imagine you are-you will have to buckle to and The vein of your dramatic ability has been opened, the results have been coming forth during the past year most pleasingly. But your best friends-they are not those who fatter you-think that the vein is now closing, that the opening is healing, and that Mr. Sothern does not care for

further extaustion. As Lord Chumley you are very effective and you have distinctly added to your reputation by the impersonation, but your performance lacks the great charm of self-forgetfulness—a charm that very few actors possess, by the bye, but which is none the less worth striving after for all that,

With a big head a man is top-heavy. No one can forget himself thus embarrassed. Do not be spoiled by enemies in the guise of friends. I will ell you what part I should like to see you play. That of Mousts, the humpbacked dwarf in Gilbert's "Broken Hearts." It would do you good. There is scope for excellent acting, but I defy any man living to pose in the part. ALAN DALK.

Genteel Exclusiveness Disturbed.

[Utica Observer, New York Letter.] Stuyvesant Park is a curiosity of the metropolis It is surrounded by the domiciles of the most prequarters of fashion bave one after another given way to the northward advance of business, but twenty or thirty "old families" bave steadfastiv refused to budge from Stuyvesant Park. The ancients and honorables of Stuyvesant Park are distinguished by their place of residence as ever so much better than the average of people. A high fence shut in the trees and greensward of the park, and the high gates had for a quarter of a century been shut cally at sundown, so that the premises were practically sacred to those neighors who had keys, while the rabble were kept out. The common belief was that the ground belonged to the property-owners surrounding it. Now, THE EVENING WORLD was in quest of novel things to do. and one of its reporters learned that there was no legal or valid reason for the exclusion of the public from Stuyvesant Park. The paper made a hobby of the matter, demanding that the gates be opened, holding mass-meetings in the tenementhouse district near by, circulating petitions to the Park Commissioners and in every way making all the row about it possible. The upshot is that the sacred place is to be descrated. No longer will that particular coterie of "our best society" have the place to themselves, but it will be overrun of afternoons and evenings by common, everyday people. It is thought that there will be a migration of the swells in consequence of the invation by the multitude. place on Monday evening, Oct. 15, at Turn Hall,

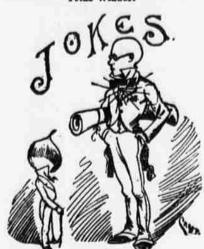
A Common Experience.

[From the Philadelphia Record.]
First Youth-By Jinks, Harry, What's the matter? Did Clara Vere de Vere refuse you?
Second Youth (sadly)—No, she accepted me,
"Then what in creation are you looking so blue
about?"
"I spent so much money courting her that I
haven't enough left to buy an engagement ring."

Dianning and dysentery are averted during tectning by Monant's Transmine Complair, 25 cents.

THE JOKE COMPETITION.

Judge Nye Is New Busy Hunting for the Prize Winner.



Why He Was Arrested.

While on a recent visit to the Flatbush In-sane Asylum, in passing through one of the wards, a patient deliberately obstructed my pa-sage. I gently pushed him out of my wav and passed on. I had not proceeded very far when I was approached by a police officer, who placed me under arrest. When asked the reason for this outrage on a peaceable citizen, he replied that he had arrested me "shoving the queer."

B. N., JE.

A Periret Excuse. Patrick Mulcahy has just received a letter from the old country. He coolly opens it before a number of friends, and turning it-every imaginable way finally hands it to his

wife, remarking:
"Here, Maria! Bedad! I can't read let-ters in the daytime, I—I only went to night-school."
T.

The Acme of Politenes A Frenchman having accidentally fallen from the roof of a seven-story building, is rapidly descending feet first. In coming down he spies a lady friend at the window of the fourth story, when, coolly tipping his hat, he cries out: "Good-day, lady. Have ze kindness to excuse my sudden appearance." T.

A Tramp's Good Fortune. Seedy-looking Tramp (to lady)—Would you please give a poor tramp something to

you please give a poor tramp something to eat?

Lady—Are you not the same tramp that was through this way last summer?

Tramp—Oh, no; but my father was through here last summer. By the way, he struck quite a fortune last month.

Lady (surprisedly)—Why, how is that?

Tramp (brightening up)—Why, after four reservoir tramping he manged to get in the

years of tramping he managed to get in the poor-house. W. Rembe, Peekskill, N. Y.

A Timely Remark.

Notwithstanding the high moral character baseball has always enjoyed as a pastime singularly free from wickedness, some of the recent scores made by the contestants for the pennant have been very noughty.

T.

EXPRESS PACKAGES MISSING.

Two of Them Containing Money Lost on the Way from Long Branch. REWARD-Lost, two valuable packages, in Bill Broadway, New York, The above reward will be paid on delivery as directed.

An Evening World reporter called this morning at the address given, which proved to be the office of Dodd's Express, of which

to be the office of Dodd's Express, of which Mr. H. W. Chipman is the cashier.

"The packages," said Mr. Chipman, "contained money and papers from our Long Branch office. There were three packages all together, which one of our drivers received at pier 8 yesterday and carelessly stuffed in the inside pocket of his coat, which he threw across the seat, and when he arrived at this office, only one was left, the other two, which were inclosed in one envelope, having been lost in transit.

"The amount of money lost was about \$109, but the time slips and clerk's reports were probably worth as much, as it would were probably worth as much, as it take at least two weeks to duplicate them, besides all the attendant time wasted and trouble caused by their loss."

WELL RID OF A CROOK.

Harris Is Shipped Back to England with Money in His Pocket.

Chief Inspector Byrnes put Samuel Harris, the noted English pickpocket, on the Persian Jonarch this morning and shipped him back to London, the scene of his earlier triumphs as a criminal. Since his discharge a week ago on an arrest for a rebbery he did not commit Harris has been under espionage.

The appeal he made for aid on a sacred promise of reform, brought to the Inspector

promise of reform, brought to the Inspector \$11, and when the Inspector parted with Harris he gave him \$25 and advised him to lead an honest life hereafter.

Mr. Byrnes breathed easier when he saw the waters of the bay widen the distance between Harris and the Police Department of New York.

A Limit to Bravery. [From the Buffalo News.] Office Boy (to Editor)—Dere's a two-hundred-an' fity-poun' gent outside, sir, wid red spots on his

eyes, wot wants ter see de editor. Editor—I'm no cowafd, James; show him right Office Boy-He says he wants ter keriect a bill. Editor (aghast)—Great heavens, James, tell him I've gone to the poorhouse to visit my dear old father.

A Transformation. [From the Fonkers Statesman.]

" Miss Screechowl sang at the musical last ever ning," said one musician to another, " and she ffected a wonderful transformation."

"Indeed! How?"
"Well, she sang 'It Was a Dream,' and turned it into an orthodox nightmare." A Different Matter.

There are many young men who would give half their fortunes to have a dear, good sister, and yet when a sweet girl one of these young men wants to marry offers to be a sister to him, he does not appreciate the strained relation.

[From the New Orleans Picquine.]

Temporary Sojourners in Gotham J. F. Withridge, of Boston; E. Croker, of Troy, and J. H. Vanuerbilt, of Staten Island, are at the

John R. Knott, of Louisville: R. Henderson, of Scotland, and A. B. Hough, of Cieveland, are at the Grand Hotel.

F. P. Gray, of Little Rock, Ark.; L. B. Crocker, of Buffato, and C. M. Waterman, of Florida, are at the Bertholdt.

C. R. Head, of Pittsburg, S. Wyeth, of Philadelphia, and H. S. Carpenter, of Boston, are stopping at the Albemaric.

Among the St. James guests are C. H. Bacon, of pringfield; B. F. Petur, of Lexington, Ky., and J. S. Maclennan, of Toronto. At the Fifth Avenue are: A. S. Garrettson, of Stoux City; Kahayama and K. Nine, of Japan; R. A. Alger, of Detroit, and L. de Oliver, of Barce-

E. Mentoino, of Cuba; S. Hirsen, of Richmond; J. H. Coltman, of Baitmore: Wilson Soale, of Rochester, and A. M. Huonard, of Chicago, are at the Hofiman.

On the Sturtevant House register are the name of J. C. Keeler, of Canton; H. H. swart, of Schenectady; T. T. Luças, of Saratoga; R. A. Swain, of San Francisco, and J. F. Lyon, of Chicago. Installed at the Brunswick arc S. M. Bryan, of Washington: M. J. Dennin, of Boston; C. Jay French, of Boston; C. W. McDeniel, of Kansas City; M. Keefer, of Baltimore, and F. H. Knight, of Texas.

of Texas.

At the Astor House are: C. R. Snyder, of Chicago; M. B. Buckman, of Philadelphia; C. L. Allen, of Worcester; R. Barton, of Providence; W. L. C. Potter, of Boston; J. F. Apriletou, of Salem, Massa., and G. W. Curtis, of Philadelphia.

FROM THE CITY'S WHIRL

DRIFT CAUGHT BERE AND THERE BY "EVENING WORLD" REPORTERS.

A Car Poll of Jags that Bloomed in the

Mid-Afternoon. A gentleman who got on a Fourth avenue car was approaching his seat when a young man addressed him thickly and intoxicatedly. What he said didu't amount to anything, except as giving evidence that the young man was in possession of a blooming jag.

As the gentleman seated himself he saw another young man in the corner of the car completely surrendered to rosy dreams, happy and contented. The conductor poked him up now and then to see that he didn't

him up now and then to see that he didn't get by his place.

Soon after the car stopped and a huge man clad in blue got in. He shambled to a seat, flopped into it and had hardly touched his back to it before his hands drooped at his side, his head fell forward like a poppy's and his mouth fell ajar. He was asleep. He had the perfume of a Kentucky county about him, and he breathed like a back-number racer. He had a "still" on. The gentleman looked around to see if any intoxicated persons had escaped.

sons had escaped.

The round fishy-eyed baby across from him seemed to have incipient del rum tremens in her rolling orbs, but he could no more have told the disease in an incipient stage than he could tell whether a Little Neck clam was suffering from pneumonia or paresis.

As the conductor came aroun! he leaned forward and said to him in a whisper:

"Conductor, is this a special car for inspirites?"

The conductor, who had been spending so much of his time in waking the inebriates up, grinned in appreciation of the remark. And yet it was only 2 o'clock in the afternoon. Why this early fu ness?

An Old Curiosity-Shop Man Who Likes to

Talk of Guns. On an east-side street is a store known The Curiosity Shop," which is kept by an old Englishman. Almost everything in the way of firearms, cutlery, tools or musical instruments can be bought within.

The store is about 11 by 5 feet wide, and is crammed as full of stuff as it possibly can be. There is scarcely space in front of the

be. There is scavely space in front of the counter for one person to stand.

The old man likes to talk of firearms, and when an Evenine World reporter asked him what he could sell a pistol for he said:

"I can sell you a 'gun' all the way from 25 cents to \$12, according to the manufacture. A good self-cocker brings \$2.50, although we have them as low as \$1.50 and as high as \$12. A good Smith & Wesson can be bought for \$5 and a Colt will cost \$7.

"I have an old pair of duelling pistols which I'll sell for \$10, although the original cost exceeded three times that amount.

"Here is a Smith & Wesson Russian model," said he, shoving a pistol at the reporter that, for the moment, looked like a small-sized cannon. It was over a foot long, carried a 44-calibre ball and weighed fully two pounds. "I will sell this for \$8. The 'baby' self-action revolver brings \$3 and \$3.25."

"Who are your best customers?"

"Watchmen, policemen, country constables and deputy sheriffs. I could sell to boys, but don't. Speaking of deputy sheriffs, I sometimes get a badge through a pawnbroker's auction. I sold one the other day for \$2 to a man over on Long Island."

The old man also showed the reporter a bell that was brought back from the Polaris by the Tigris. The Polaris was lost up in the Arctic regions, the crew being rescued from an ice floe. The curiosity dealer bought the tell at an auction sale in the Brooklyn Navy-Yard, paying \$25 for it.

He said that Giovanni P, Morosini had had since offered him \$40 for it but that he wanted \$50.

Passengers Said to Be Gaining in Reason

and Pattence.
"People ain't as they used to be," said s guard on the Third Avenue Elevated Railroad to an Evening World reporter. "In what particular way?" querfed the

reporter. "Why, they ain't such kickers. There was a time when, if a passenger happened to was a time when, if a passenger happened to be carried past his station, he would set up a growl, and it was with difficulty sometimes that we avoided more serious trouble.

"Once in a while you will hear of a passenger getting into trouble with a gateman, and then the newspapers generally go for the latter. Now, if they would take the trouble to inquire, I'll venture to say that in nine cases out of ten they would find that the passenger was either drank or inferioring or

cases out of ten they would find that the passenger was either drunk or infringing on one of the company's rules.

"You see, we can't afford to get into trouble unnecessarily because we would lose our situations if it became known to the superintendent.

"Sometimes people actually have the nervo' to ask us to tell them when the train gets to a certain distant station. If we remember it we tell them, but if we forget it it is their own fault. We try to be as civil as possible to our patrons, and if they do their part there will be even less trouble than there is now."

Park Keepers Get No Extra Pay for Their Urbunity and Manners.
In Central Park a slate-colored guardian of the peace was watching the workmen who were engaged in laying the new main near

the arsenal. To him approached a small girl and said : " Mister, what time is it ?" "Why don't you go and look at the clock?" he answered, turning on his heel and raising his arm towards the tower of the Armory.

"How can you tell the time from here?"
said the mother of the small girl, with a touch of indignation in her voice. The clock

said the mother of the small girl, with a touch of indignation in her voice. The clock was hidden from the point where she and her child were standing.

"Oh, you can go down and look at it. What makes you think I have the time?"

"You ought to have it," said the woman angrily, as she moved off with the little girl.

"You ought to have it," retorted the officer mockingly, and then turning to some one near by he said: "These people want you to do everything."

Thus it is that our municipal protectors show their urbanity, and comfort the thoughtless public. There is no extra pay for manners,

Brand-New Story of a Fish That the Moon Will Speil.

or manners.

Jose G. Morales, lawyer at 137 Broadway. has been boarding at the South Beach Hotel Staten Island, for several weeks, and he brought a fish story to New York under his hat the other morning. "Right pelow Brewn's Hotel, at South

"Right below Brewn's Hotel, at South Beach, is a little tent," said Mr. Morales. "In that same little tent," he continued. "a fisherman has on exhibition a sea-cow fish, the funniest looking fish I ever waw. It looks something like a small whale, and the fishermen told me it weighed 2,350 pounds. It has only one eye, a very small mouth and is as hard as bone. It is about six feet long and is fist. I wanted the fisherman to preserve it with ice, but he said fresh water would spoil it. The moon, too, he says, will make it decay, so he is particular not to have the light of the moon reach it. The fish was caught a good distance out to see."

(From the Detroit Free Press.) Dogwender-You takes this snimal. I sells him for five-dollar. That is dog-cheap.
Lady Customer—is he a particular breed?
"No'm, he ain's a bit per'ikeler. He d just
leives so with you as with me. So he wud,"

OF SPONGES AND SPONGES.

Handy Articles Commonly Used and Little Known About.

Notwithstanding the facts that the people of this country use sponges to a great extent, and that some \$500,000 worth are yearly imported, very little is known concerning their production.

Whether it is of animal or vegetable growth is not known to one-third of the persons who daily use the sponge. Where it comes from. the people who make their living by means of the industry, and how they live, are facts both interesting and instructive, and show some features of the lower forms of animal

In this city the sponge trade is governed by a half dozen importing houses. Besides these there are seven jobilers who buy in the

In order to ascertain some facts regarding the production of the sponge a reporter called on Harry Seebig, the resident member of a large sponge nouse located in Germany, which yearly sends to this country large

quantities of sponges.
"When was the sponge first used?" asked the reporter.
"It's hard to tell," was the answer,
"when it was first used, out it has been known since the commencement of the

Christian era.

"Sponges were first used in New York by
the old Dutch settlers, Some thirty-six years
ago the Greeks introduced the Mediterranean sponges. Since then trade has grown an-nually, and now the industry is a most im-

portant one. Can you tell where and how the sponge

"Can you tell where and how the sponge is obtained?"

"Yes. In this country they can be got off the Florida Keys. Then they can be found among the islands of the West Indies and in the Mediterranean Sea. They also abound in the Greek and Turkish archipelagoes. The natives dive for them, and sometimes they go down in thirty to forty fathoms of water. The natives who dive for the sponges "The natives who dive for the sponges live only a sh rt time, and after five or six years they become blind and deaf—that is, if they are not eaten by the numerous sharks that abound in these waters. They are a lazy set of men; and after they get their vessels well provisioned, will not work until heir supply of food is exbausted. Then they will work until they obtain a good cargo and then dispose of it on the outer islands. Six to eight men go on each vessel. They live on fruit, drink wine and hanker after the society of females."

of females,"

"Is the sponge of animal growth?"

"That's the question which, after an exhaustive scientific discussion in this city some years ago, resulted in the conclusion that the sponge is of animal growth. In its original state the sponge resembles the blowfish in its appearance. When it is first taken from the water it has a pulpy flesh, and it is laid on the shore and covered with rushes until the rays of the sun burn the flesh off. Then it is put in shallow water and 'cradled.'"

"What are the different grades of sponges and whence do they come?"

"What are the different grades of sponges and whence do they come?"

"Sheeps'-wool, grass, velvet and reef sponges can be obtained off the Florida seacoast. Sheeps'-wool also comes from Nassau, but it is not as good as the Florida article. It has large pores. The grass, velvet, reef and wire sponge can also be got at Nassau. The wire sponge is not sold for use.

"The Mediterranean sponge is known as the Turkish-bath sponge in this country and as the honeycomb in Europe. It is brought to this market after undergoing the process before described, and blea-ned here. The bleaching is done by the use of manganate of potash. After this is applied, the sponge is placed in cleansing acids, washed in salt water, and finally colored to the desired tint by a solution of common washing soda.

by a solution of common wasning soda.

"From Nassau we also receive the silk, surgeons', large cup, eye cup, toilet and Zamoca sponges,
"However, it is now the fault of the men in the business here that sponges are not to be had hearer at hand. In 1889 an attempt was made to grow sponges at Bowery Bay Beach, on Long Island, but it proved a failure."

failure,"
... What are the finest sponges, and where "What are the finest sponges, and where do they come from?"
"They are known as cup sponges, and we receive them from the Greek Archipelago. The only sponges used in hospitals are the small surgeon and abdominal, and they are rapidly being done away with, absorption cotton being their substitute. The sponges now made for medical use is called a sponge tent. It is made of reef sponge, and is used for cleaning out wounds and also in obstetrical cases.

rical cases.
"The sponge is an article none of which goes to waste. The clippings are used for filling mattresses, and are also being used by railroad engineers for packing journal boxes."

"I suppose there are no tricks in the trade?"

Oh, yes, there are. The sponge can be casily doctored. Common grass sponges are frequently bleached and put on the market as Turkish goeds. So neat is the work that even druggists cannot detect the difference. By a trial only can the cheat be discovered."

FUN FOR AFTER DINNER.

The Old Nan Laughed No More.



Young Mr. Muscle left at avery late hour, and the old man stood at the head of the stairs chucking in fiendish gice.

Then there was an awful olstubance in the front yard and the aforesaid old man larged, ha! ha!
Then came the cry of "help!"
"What's wanted?" shouted the ged sinner.
A clarion voice rang out:
"I want somebody to help me buy a dog!"

The First Thing She Didn't Uslerstand. elves on the grand stand, "If there is anything you don't understand, just ask me and l'Lteil you all about it."
"Thank you, George," replied Cicely, "who is that young man going about with the glasses? Is he the unpute?"
"No! he's the soda-water man. Here, Fang man, give as two glasses of lemon."

A Distinction and a Difference. [From Drake's Magazine.]
Ponsonby—You are au admirer of Tolston

oppic.cs.? Miss Poppledick—I? Who said I was? Ponsonby (not quite sure of his ground)—I under-tand tent you said his works gave you a—er—restiul feeling.
Miss Popple.lick—They certainly make me tired,
if tast is what you mean.

Taken a Higher Degree.

[Prom Drahe's Magazine.] Mrs. Pompano-Mary Ann, just run across the street and ask that man with a white-wash bucket if he is engaged.

Mary Ann (returning after an animated conversation with Julius Plumbob)—Please mum, he says he's been married for twoive_years.

THE DOCTOR'S LAST CHAPTER

FINAL VISIT OF THE PHYSICIAN TO THE LITTLE CONVALESCENTS.

louing of His Work for the Season of 1888-Generous Ladies Who Clothed a Destitute Water Street Family-Dainty Raiment Precly Given to the Children of the Poor-Little Once Much Benefited by

The little patients, who have been under the care of THE EVENING WORLD's physician, and who had not entirely recovered last week, when the regular work of the summer was

ended, are now all well. As announced at that time, the physician has attended those few during the week, but has seen no new ones.

It was at some inconvenience that these babies were attended, since all arrangements had been made with the physician to end the work, but it was the desire of THE EVENING WonLD to treat these little patients just the same as those who are able to pay would be treated in private practice. Accordingly they were not deserted.

The parents of these little ones appreciated this very much, and they are very earnest in their expressions of gratitude to THE EVEN-ING WORLD for its thoughtfulness.

In going to see these patients a number of children, who had been under the physician's care, were noticed. One could not fail to see the improvement in appearance since THE WORLD excursion. The outing did them much good. The mothers, too, were very enthusiastic over the excursion. "I never had such a good time in me life," exclaimed a neat young Irish woman, as she lifted her baby from the bed to show the doctor. "Sure, the baby's a different child

claimed a neat young Irish woman, as she lifted her baby from the bed to show the doctor. "Sure, the baby's a different child since!"

"Doctor, me and Maggie didn't get any texets fur de skurshion," said a pretty little girl in a most pathetic voice as the physician was passing through a Cherry street alley. You didn't! Why, how was that, little one?" "Why, you see, sir, me mother is dead, and they said men couldn't go, so me and Maggie had to stay, 'cause there was no one to take us. Oh, dear!" sobbed the child.

"The ladies of the Gorham resolved that the little children and sickly mother of 'Water street' should not remain at home from the excursion simply because there was nothing to wear, so they packed and sent a large parcel of clothing to the destitute family. Clothes for the father, the mother, shoes, skirts and dresses for the children, besides quantities of pretty little underclothes worn by some of the petted darlings of the 'Gorham' ladies.

Other kind hearts also sympathized with the poor little child en, who would be so disappo nied if they could not so on the, to them, wonderful trip, so more little garments were packed and sent. Four large anonymous bundles were forwarded to The Evening World office for the destitute family, se that they went, a delighted flock of well-dressed children, on the "skurshion," and ate, drank and were as merry as any of the happy children aboard.

And thus closes the last chapter of the work of The Evening World physician for the season of 1888.

the season of 1888.

Fushionable Guests Who Run Up Long Bills Which They Never Pay. Almost every business nowadays is encumbered more or less by men who do not pay their debts. These men are to be met in all

grades of society, but everywhere and in al-

CAFE AND HOTEL BEATS.

most all conditions they bear a label which is sure to show itself sooner or later. Hotel proprietors and restaurateurs of fashion in New York have to suffer a great deal from this system of cheating, and it seems to be because they are of fashion that

they have to put up with it. If a well-dressed man, apparently of good financial standing, goes into a leading uptown café several times, takes his friends with him and pays his bills with the readiness of a New England farmer, the proprictor cannot consistently refuse his bland request of: "Just put this on your book, please, and I will sottle when I come again." But right here is where the proprietor has "put his foot in it," as it were, and almost before he is aware of it his other foot has fol-lowed and he is in clear you to his collar but.

lowed and he is in clear up to his collar button.

It is not just the right policy to offend a good customer, especially if the good customer owes the house a bill which "of course to mer owes the house a bill which "of course con " And thus the game goes on and the delin-quent lists of the hotels and cafes are assum-

ing good-sized proportions, looming up ominously on the debit side of the profit and loss account. It has been said that Delmonico's books for the past twenty years would show a delin-quent account aggregating \$500,000. This, however, is discredited by other leading

however, is discredited by other leading caterers.

Still it is safe to assert that Delmonico's delinquent list would be enough to make things pretty lively for a while if paid.

But Delmonico's is not the only place which has suffered in this way. They all have to take their share.

"You will find that such things are met in almost every business," said Mr. L. D. Smith, cashier of the Hoffman House.

"There are always people in the world who like to avoid paving their debts. Our delinquent list is comparatively small, as, I think, most of the hotels and cafes' lists are.

"The proprietors of cafes are careful to trust only those whom they know. It is impossible to tell always, though, who will pay and who will not.

impossible to tell always, though, who will pay and who will not.

"Many let their bills run along until they become larger than was intended. Of course, the larger ones are harder to pay than the small ones." the larger ones are harder to pay than the small ones."

Clerk Simpson, of the St. James Hotel, which is run exclusively on the European plan, agrees in a general way with Mr. Smith. "With us the case is different," said he, "Most of our guests are our regular customers and have been for years, so we know with whom we deal.

with whom we deal. with whom we deal.

"Besides, you must take into consideration the fact that a hotel handles and turns its money rapidly, making a large business in a year. This and the nature of our business.

a year. The sand the nature of our business makes our delinquent list compare favorably with other business establishments."

A talk with Mr. E. R. McCarty, cashier of the Hotel Brunswick, revealed a different phase of the subject. "The trouble is," said he, "the men on the delinquent list are well known and perfectly able to pay. You will not find the names of strangers, for they, of course, do not ask to be trusted. It is men whom we know well. Our list is small, to be sure, but when you come to trust fifty men in a year who won't pay it makes up a neat little sum."

The Cafe Savarin, in the Equitable Building, has only been in operation since Jan. 1

The Care savarin, in the Equitable Building, has only been in operation since Jan. 1 last, and Manager Dorval does not think it would demonstrate the point here brought out. He knows from personal observation that the fashionable cares have to put up with this kind of trusting fraud.

Do You

Havehat extreme tired feeling, languor, without appe-tite our ength, impaired disection, and a general feel-ing of usery it is impossible to describe? Hood's Sersaparillis a wonderful medicine for creating an appo-tic, proposing direction, and toning up the whole sy-tem, giving strength and activity in place of weakness and debilis. Be sure to get Hood's Sarasparilla. Sold by druggies. \$1: six for \$5. Prepared only by G. L. HOOD & C., Apothecatics, Lowell, East.